

Scena Tertia.

Enter Malcolm and Macduffe.

Mal. Let vs seeke out some desolate shade, & there Weepe our sad bosomes empty.

Macd. Let vs rather Hold fast the mortall Sword: and like good men, Bestride our downfall Birthdome: each new Morne, New Widdowes howle, new Orphans cry, new sorowes Strike heaven on the face, that it reounds As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out Like Syllable of Dolour.

Mal. What I beleue, Ile waile; What know, beleue; and what I can redresse, As I shall finde the time to friend: I wil. What you haue spoke, it may be so perchance. This Tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues, Was once thought honest: you haue lou'd him well, He hath not touch'd you yet. I am yong, but something You may discern of him through me, and wisdom To offer vp a weake, poore innocent Lambe T'appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth's.

A good and vertuous Nature may recoyle In an Imperiall charge. But I shall craue your pardon: That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpore; Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell. Though all things soule, would wear the brows of grace Yet Grace must still looke so.

Macd. I haue lost my Hopes.

Mal. Perchance euen there Where I did finde my doubts. Why in that rawnesse left you Wife, and Childe? Those precious Motiues, those strong knots of Loue, Without leaue-taking. I pray you, Let not my Icaloufies, be your Dishonors, But mine owne Safeties: you may be rightly iust, What euer I shall thinke.

Macd. Bleed, bleed poore Country, Great Tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure, For goodnesse dare not check thee: wear y thy wrongs, The Title, is affear'd. Far thee well Lord, I would not be the Villaine that thou think'st, For the whole Space that's in the Tyrants Graspe, And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:

I speake not as in absolute feare of you: I thinke our Country shokes beneath the yoke, It weepes, it bleeds, and each new day a gash Is added to her wounds. I thinke withall, There would be hands vplifted in my right: And heere from gracious England haue I offer Of goodly thousands. But for all this, When I shall treade vpon the Tyrants head, Or yeare it on my Sword; yet my poore Country Shall haue more vices then it had before, More suffer, and more sundry wayes then euer, By him that shall succede.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is my selfe I meane: in whom I know All the particulars of Vice so grafted,

That when they shall be open'd, blacke Macbeth Will seeme as pure as Snow, and the poore State Esteeme him as a Lambe, being compar'd With my confinesse harmes.

Macd. Not in the Legions Ofhorrid Hell, can come a Diuell more damn'd In euils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him Bloody, Luxurious, Auaricious, False, Deceitfull, Sodaine, Malicious, smacking of euery sinne That ha's a name. But there's no bottome, none In my Voluptuousnesse: Your Wiues, your Daughters, Your Matrons, and your Maides, could not fill vp The Cesterne of my Lust, and my Desire All continent Impediments would ore-bear That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth, Then such an one to reigne.

Macd. Boundlesse intemperance In Nature is a Tyranny: It hath beene Th'vntimely emptying of the happy Throne, And fall of many Kings. But feare not yet To take vpon you what is yours: you may Conuey your pleasures in a spacious plenty, And yet seeme cold. The time you may so hoodwinke: We haue willing Dames enough: there cannot be That Vulture in you, to deuoure so many As will to Greatnesse dedicate themselves, Finding it so inclinde.

Mal. With this, there growes In my most ill-compos'd Affection, such A stanchlesse Auarice, that were I King, I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands, Desire his Jewels, and this others Houle, And my more-hauing, would be as a Sawce To make me hunger more, that I should forge Quarrels vniust against the Good and Loyall, Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This Auarice stikes deeper: growes with more pernicious roote Then Summer-seeming Lust: and it hath bin The Sword of our slaine Kings: yet do not feare, Scotland hath Foysons, to fill vp your will Of your meere Owne. All these are portable, With other Graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I haue none. The King-becoming Graces, As Iustice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stableness, Bounty, Perseuerance, Mercy, Lowlinesse, Deuotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude, I haue no relish of them, but abound In the diuision of each feuerall Crime, Acting it many wayes. Nay, had I powre, I should Poure the sweet Milke of Concord, into Hell, Vpore the vniuersall peace, confound All vnity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland.

Mal. If such a one be fit to gouerne, speake: I am as I haue spoken.

Mac. Fit to gouerne? No not to liue. O Natio miserable! With an vntitled Tyrant, bloody Sceptred, When shalt thou see thy whollome dayes againe? Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne By his owne Interdiction stands acurst, And do's blaspheme his breed? Thy Royall Father Was a most Sainted King: the Queene that bore thee, Ofner vpon her knees, then on her feet, Dy'de euery day she liu'd. Fare thee well,

These

These Euils thou repeat'st vpon thy selfe, Hath banish'd me from Scotland. O my Brest, Thy hope ends heere.

Mal. Macduffe, this Noble passion Childe of integrity, hath from my soule Wip'd the blacke Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts To thy good Truth, and Honor. Diuelliſh Macbeth, By many of these traines, hath sought to win me Into his power: and modest Wisdom pluckes me From ouer-credulous hast: but God aboue Deale betweene thee and me; For euen now I put my selfe to thy Direction, and Vnspeake mine owne detraction. Heere abiure The taints, and blames I laide vpon my selfe, For strangers to my Nature. I am yet Vnknowne to Woman, neuer was forsworne, Scarcely haue coucted what was mine owne: At no time broke my Faith, would not betray The Deuill to his Fellow, and delight No lesse in truth then life. My first false speaking Was this vpon my selfe. What I am truly Is thine, and my poore Countries to command: Whither indeed, before they heere approach Old Seyward with ten thousand warlike men Already at a point, was setting forth: Now we'll together, and the chance of goodnesse Be like our warranted Quarrell. Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome, and vnwelcom things at once 'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth I pray you?

Doct. I Sir: there are a crew of wretched Soules That stay his Cure: their malady conuinces The great assay of Art. But at his touch, Such sanctity hath Heauen giuen his hand, They presently amend. Exit.

Mal. I thanke you Doctor.

Macd. What's the Disease he meanes?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Euill.

A most myraculous worke in this good King, Which often since my heere remaine in England, I haue seene him do: How he solicites heauen Himselfe best knowes: but strangely visited people All swolne and Vicerous, pittifull to the eye, The meere dispaire of Surgery, he cures, Hanging a golden stampe about their neckes, Paton with holy Prayers, and 'tis spoken To the succeeding Royalty he leaues The healing Benediction. With this strange vertue, He hath a heavenly giuft of Prophecie, And sundry Blessings hang about his Throne, That speake him full of Grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See who comes heere.

Mal. My Countryman: but yet I know him nor.

Macd. My euer gentle Cozen, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now, Good God betimes remoue The meanes that makes vs Strangers.

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas poore Country, Almost affraid to know it selfe. It cannot Be call'd our Mother, but our Graue; where nothing But who knowes nothing, is once scene to smile: Where sighes, and groanes, and shrieks that rent the ayre